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SPRING TERM-1914.

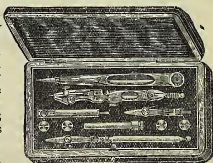


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SPRING TERM - 1914.



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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
EDITORIAL NOTES	65
ROBERT BROWNING: CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHER ..	70
THOUGHTS FROM THE RUBAIYAT OF A H.U.C. STUDENT ..	80
SCRAPS	82
MANKIND	87
SOME PHASES OF PLANT-LIFE	90
LAPSUS LINGUAE	98
ON DIT	100
PSYCHIC RESEARCH AT THE COLLEGE	102
SAYINGS APROPOS	107
CORRESPONDENCE	111

REPORTS AND SOCIETY NOTES—

SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY	112
ENGINEERING SOCIETY	114
CHRISTIAN UNION	115
LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY	116
BOXING NIGHT	118
FOOTER NOTES	120

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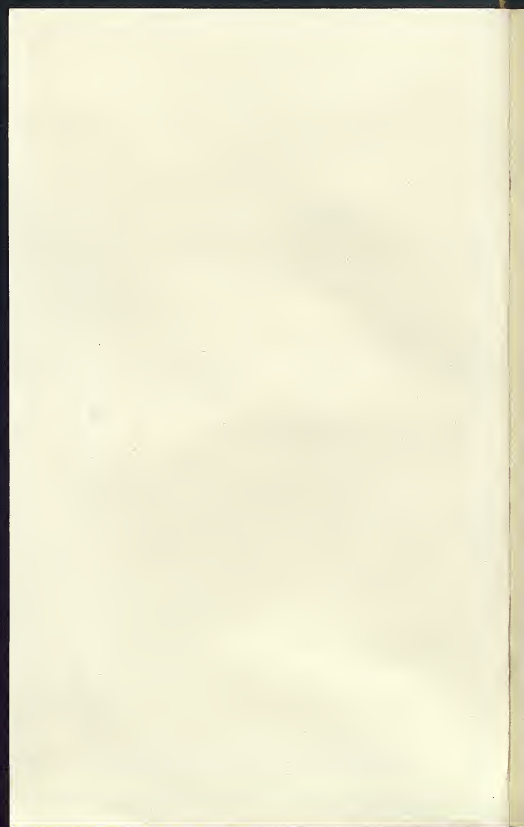
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= = Editorial Notes. = =

Non numero hæc sed pondere.

(These things are not judged by their number, but by their weight.)

—Cicero.

THE almost unintermittent round of engagements which fall in Easter term probably accounts for the smallness of the number of students who are smitten with a desire to write. The well-known propensity which professors and lecturers have for loading us, almost to the last straw, with study—called by plebeians and science-men by that vulgar term “swot”—making of life one horrid grind, hardly makes it easier for us to put our choicest thoughts on paper, and even for the vast majority to have any thoughts at all. This baneful and cramping preoccupation with work seems even to prevent us recording those unconscious scintillations of wit or unregrettable solecisms which we comprehensively term *Lapsus Linguae*. This is surprising, for they merely require making a note of when found and then sent to the almost empty sub-editorial office—the radiator. But maybe lack of time, pressure of work and obsessing springtime fancies are not the real causes. Perhaps, and we make the suggestion with some pride—for is it not due to our critical vigilance?—the purveyors and dispensers of miss-shapen thoughts and twisted conceptions have suddenly grown wise, or have at least taken to weaving a cloak of wisdom thick enough to hide their want of it? But it is the duty of a sub-ed. to keep on smiling and always come out jolly, and this we do by remembering that the price of wit, like that of wisdom, is above rubies, and that even in a college full of wit-crackers quality, not quantity, must be our aim.

Our second paragraph must deal with the dominant note of the present term. College life and fashions are kaleidoscopic, old patterns rapidly giving place to new. We must try to arrest the change and endeavour to fix, as it were, the patterns in the kaleidoscope. In addition, we must pass our opinion on them in no frivolous manner, censure or approve them, exorcise or welcome them, laugh or weep at them. The dominant fashion last term, among the men at least, may be summed up in one word—Moustaches. How assiduously they were cultivated and discussed! Now, like stubble the fire runs through, they are gone—whither we care not.

Last term Moustaches—this term Love. Some psychologists affirm that they are causally connected—that either love leads to moustaches or moustaches lead to love. But we, being exempt from both, know not. It is not our wish to insinuate that there has been an epidemic of love. Indeed, spring may have laid its caressing hands on the fancies of but an insignificant minority of youths and maidens in this College—the love we bear to learning withholds us. Yet the one or two properly authenticated cases are all-important. “Non numero hæc sed pondero.” We welcome them because of their effect. There is a general absence of cynicism regarding Cupid’s machinations, and even in its place we notice a kindly interest in the latest strategy. For the Spring term he is not contemptuously cut dead. Men suffer him as a nodding acquaintance, and women are delighted; he does introduce a sporting element into their lives, and, best of all, a new topic for conversation. Therefore as we go to press we commend to you Signior Love. Treat him kindly.

E. W.



SINCE our last number went to press, there have been several changes in the staff. Dr. Studer, after a seven years’ tenure of the Professorship of French and German, left us in January, on his election into the chair of Romance Philology in the University of Oxford. Dr. Studer’s departure is a great loss, not only to the College in particular, but to Southampton in general. His devotion to, and success in the work of his department, his distinguished labours in connexion with the Record Society, especially his valuable edition of the Oak Book, and his services to the University Extension movement and the Alliance Française, received fitting recognition at a gathering held, by the invitation of Dr. Hill, at Highfield Hall, on March 12th. With this recognition went the

heartiest congratulations to Dr. Studer on his well-merited promotion, and best wishes for himself and Mrs. Studer for the future in their new surroundings. Presentations were made on behalf of the Record Society by its President, the Mayor, Alderman Bagshaw, and on behalf of the Students of the College by Miss Chappell, who was a member of Dr. Studer's classes. The presentation articles were supplied by Mr. W. L. Parkhouse, Above Bar. The feelings of the staff were voiced by the Principal and Professor Eustice, and an illuminated Latin address, composed by Professor Masom, has been presented to Dr. Studer as a permanent record. In his response, Dr. Studer made it clear that he intended still to keep in touch with the place where, he said, he had spent seven of the happiest years of his life, and he prophesied the development of the College, which was regarded very sympathetically at Oxford, into a vigorous University.

The departure of Dr. Studer from the College was followed by the election of Mr. Vivian G. Starkey, B.A., Ph.D., into the newly-created Professorship of Romance Languages. Mr. Starkey proceeded from Harrow to Balliol, where he took the Honours School of Modern Languages, and more recently he has had a briefer connexion with Christ's College, Cambridge. He has studied under the most eminent masters in his subject at the Universities of Paris and Berlin, and has conducted independent researches on dialect in Roumania.



Professor Maxwell has resigned the chair of Education. Considerations of health render it advisable for him to abandon academic work. Mr. Maxwell has faithfully served the College for about ten years, successively as Lecturer and Professor, and also Captain of the Territorial Corps, and we shall all be sorry to lose him. Our best wishes attend Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell, and we trust that Professor Maxwell's health will recuperate under new conditions.



At the beginning of the term Dr. Wynn Jones, of the Education Department, left it to take up a Lectureship in Psychology at University College, London. Dr. Jones was very active in College life, in connection with both the work

and the play of the students, and his departure is generally regretted. We trust and have no doubt that Dr. Jones will find a congenial sphere in the opportunity for psychological research which his new post will afford him.

Mr. Maxwell is succeeded in the chair of Education by Mr. James Shelley, M.A. The new Professor was educated at Christ's College, Cambridge. He has been Lecturer successively at the Chester Training College and in the University of Manchester, and is a man of wide and varied interests and activities.

The Council have been fortunate in securing the Lord Chancellor, Viscount Haldane, for the opening of the new buildings at Highfield in June. The first step in connexion with the removal to Highfield was taken at the opening of the term, when Dr. Hill entered upon the occupation of Highfield Hall, a large house, overlooking the Common, which he has taken for the residence of himself and family, and a limited number of members of the staff and students. Those who have been in residence there during the term have found it an effective bond of union, and the function of the Hall as a social centre for the College—its main purpose in Dr. Hill's design—was notably illustrated in a very enjoyable "At Home" in January, and the recent gathering in honour of Dr. Studer.

Professor Sutherland's lectures on "Evolution" at the Avenue Hall in January and February attracted large attendances. In the course of the series, Professor Sutherland traced the history of evolution studies from the earliest suggestions to the most recent developments in Mendelism and Eugenics, and did full justice to the living interest of his subject alike in his exposition of theory and descriptions of fact, and in the practical suggestions which he drew from them.

We give the substance of Dr. Hill's closing lecture on Browning in other columns.



The Southampton Branch of the Geographical Association, to the probable formation of which we referred in our last issue, is now definitely established under the chairmanship of Mr. C. B. Fawcett. The College is also represented on the Committee by Miss A. G. Fox. The Society has made a very successful beginning both from the numerical standpoint and as to the character of its activities.



At the Annual Meeting of the Southampton Record Society, Dr. Studer accepted re-election as one of the General Editors. His successor at the College, Professor Starkey, and Dr. Horrocks, were elected members of the Committee. It is expected that the first volume of the Book of Depositions, which is being edited by Miss Aubrey and Miss Hamilton, will be ready within a few months.



ROBERT BROWNING; CHRISTIAN
PHILOSOPHER.*

* * *

"God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world!"

SINGS little Pippa, as she makes her way down the grass path, grey with dew, under the pinewoods blind with boughs.

Her one holiday in the year, this New Year's Day. Tomorrow she must be Pippa, who winds silk the whole year through to earn just bread and milk.

As she starts her morning's ramble she thinks of Asolo's four happiest ones, or, if not happiest, most prosperous, most enviable of all the people in the little town; of that superb great haughty Ottima, whose husband owns the Silk Mills, and her paramour; of Jules, the English sculptor, and the dainty little lady who will to-day become his bride; of Luigi, the young patrician, and his mother—"If I only knew my mother's face!"—of Monsignor the Cardinal, who to-day will bless the house of his dead brother.

Reflecting on her insignificance, she wonders whether Pippa, barefoot little silk-girl, could ever influence—do good or harm to, move in some way—these favoured people, placed so high above her. And yet, and yet, she shares in God's love. To Him she is not insignificant. "I share in God's love; what else does New Year's hymn declare? What other meaning do these verses bear?"

"All service ranks the same with God. If now, as formerly, He trod Paradise, His Presence fills our earth, each only as God wills can work. God's puppets, best and worst are we; there is no last nor first!"

If religion means "a binding to God," (the etymology of the word is doubtful, as you know) no poet was ever more consistently religious than Robert Browning. Brought up in a home in which faith in the Unseen called neither for definition no demonstration, still less defence, he retained to the end of his life the unquestioning belief "God's in his heaven—all's right with the world!"

In each of the four houses, as Pippa passes it, a squalid tragedy of sin is being acted. There is no need to tell the

*Substance of a lecture delivered by Dr. Alex Hill, at the Avenue Hall, Southampton.

stories, or to point out that, in two instances, the chief actors are sinned against, not sinning. The four scenes are introduced for the purpose of teaching that, notwithstanding this convincing evidence of all being wrong with the world, we should, if we had faith in the Divine Purpose, understand that all will at last come right. A child's purity is proof of the existence of a force which will, when God's Purpose is fulfilled, dissipate the miasma of sin which now clings to every cluster of human habitations. Pippa's simple song moves the hearts—does good to—the dwellers in each of the four houses which she passes.

Browning is *the* problem poet. About every motive which prompts human action and every principle which guides it he wove a mesh of argument. Nothing which a man under stress of passion has been observed to do, nothing which he can be imagined as doing is inexplicable, no deed or thought is isolated. Each is the last of a series. Each is the logical sequel of the man's previous thoughts and actions, the outcome of his training. Whatever the decision which at a critical moment a man adopts, whatever course of action he may pursue, it is the necessary product of his character; and his character is of his own making.

It is never the act that Browning judges. As well might we blame a gun in which a cartridge had been placed for firing when the hammer falls. If blame there be, it attaches to the man who put the cartridge in the gun and pulled the trigger. Still less does Browning estimate the value of effort by its result—success or failure. Over and over again he teaches that responsibility for deeds, good or evil, begins with the cultivation of a habit of mind which leads, when conditions are favourable, to beneficent or to maleficent action.

As the Pope, judging Guido, reflects: "For I am ware it is the seed of act, God holds appraising in his hollow palm, not act grown great thence on the world below."

And so we find amongst the very rare indications of his repugnances or preferences for any particular dogma an abhorrence of the Calvinism which largely influenced the religious circle in which he was brought up.

"God has predestined some to eternal life, while the rest of mankind are predestined to condemnation and eternal death," taught Calvin in his *Institutes of the Christian Religion*.

In Johannes Agricola, Browning scorches this dogma with sarcasm. J. A. was the reputed founder of the sect of Antinomians, or ultra-Calvinists. The dogma of predestina-

tion has died down by now. Yet in the Westminster Confession of Faith we read: "The rest of mankind," that is, all but the elect, "God was pleased to pass by, and to ordain them to dishonour and wrath."

We find the same ridicule of Calvinism in Caliban upon Setebos. No wonder Browning abhorred Calvinism; it was the antithesis of all his teaching:—

He fixed thee mid this dance
Of plastic circumstance,
This Present thou, forsooth, wouldst fain arrest:
Machinery just meant
To give thy soul its bent,
Try thee and turn thee forth, sufficiently impressed.

In a score of poems Browning teaches that life is a time of probation, an opportunity afforded to man of developing a soul.

It is remarkable that Browning, who revelled in philosophic subtleties who spun thoughts "fine as a skein of the casuist Escobar's," a religious man whose faith never suffered eclipse, a poet deeply concerned for the beliefs, as principles of action, of his fellowmen, took, so far as we may judge from his works, no interest in the controversies which shook the faiths of his contemporaries to their foundations. "God's in his Heaven, all's right with the world!" satisfied him from youth to old age. Assailed by the philosophic doubts of their time, his contemporaries fought with fury for one position after another upon the retention of which salvation for themselves and mankind appeared to them to depend.

It is necessary to project oneself back into the middle of the XIXth Century to realize the fierceness of the struggle between the old faiths and the new philosophies.

Let us glance at the three chief wars of faith.

First, the Tractarian Movement of 1840, followed by the secession of Newman and Manning to the Church of Rome in 1847 and 1853, and the famous Bull of 1850, which gave territorial titles to the Catholic bishops. We have Bishop Blougram's Apology in 1855, Blougram being recognizable as Cardinal Wiseman. The poem is a humorous and somewhat phantastic analysis of the position of a man of intellect in a church which retains the beliefs, or inventions of an earlier and ignorant age—a disability from which all dogmatic faiths suffer, owing to the unwillingness of their guardians to pro-

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nounce exactly at what level discredited superstitions may be safely shed.

Soon shall fade and fall
Myth after myth—the husk-like lies, I call
New truth's corolla-safeguard.

Browning writes in Charles Avison—Beliefs of yore, seemed inexpugnable when we attained them, give place to new—just as an old world tune wears out and drops away, until who hears smilingly questions—

This it was brought tears once to all eyes,—
This roused heart's rapture once!

Neither in Bishop Blougram, nor in any other poem do we hear the echoes of the great ritualistic controversy, during which such terms as "idolatry" or the "the usurpation of the Scarlet Woman" were, as I remember to have heard them, shouted with a passion of antipathy and fear; not used as we might use them now in a half-tolerant symbolic sense.

Take as another instance, the dogma of verbal inspiration, assailed by the exponents of the Higher Criticism. It is difficult to realize what this contest meant to the last generation of religious people, or the horror with which they discovered that men who were undeniably earnest Christians were nevertheless ready to question, whether the Scriptures are, in fact and in detail, the handwriting of God. To admit a doubt was, for the orthodox Christian of sixty years ago, to turn the solid ground of faith into a shaking quicksand. If the Bible, from Genesis to Revelation, were not God-written, religion had no basis on which to rest. Free criticism did not, so far as we can judge from his poems give Browning a moment's uneasiness. God's in his heaven! And evolution, the most damnable of all heresies!

Man is the child of God, so says the Bible;
But Science, falsely so called, utters now this libel,
That from an ape he sprang. Which would you rather
Think, when bending low, you say "Our Father?"

Surely Browning will take part in this great controversy, on one side, or the other! All thinking men, all his friends, were, in the sixties, aggressively on one side or the other.

Darwin's *Origin of Species* was published in 1860. It redirected the whole current of philosophic thought. The realm of Nature was seen, by those who grasped the significance of this new teaching, who saw the world in Darwin's mirror, to be in motion. It was not, as philosophers had hitherto regarded it, fixed and changeless. Every plant, every animal

appeared in this new vision as a phase of a long series of transitions, reaching back to the first development of Life, adapting itself to a changing environment, evolving, progressing. It was no longer a piece of mechanism perfectly adapted for the work it has to do. All religious poems written before Darwin's book appeared, were rhapsodies of admiration of the perfect works of God. Evolution is the doctrine that all living things are essentially imperfect, always and inevitably behind hand, because always trying to catch up with a changing environment. Perfection would be absolute fitness, impossibility of improvement. According to the doctrine of evolution, there is and always will be room for improvement in every living organism.

"Improvement" was Browning's watchword. Year after year he worked at the problem of the evolution of the Soul. He traced it, both in the race, and in the individual from its origin—its origin in intellect—which in turn is informed by the senses—onward in its progress towards God, the ultimate good. His instinct was evolutionary, yet so far as we can judge, Darwin's teaching—which sent, not naturalists alone, but philosophers, historians, theologians, back to the grammar of their sciences—made no impression upon Browning.

It may be objected that he was already an evolutionist. He did not need converting; granted, yet he must have watched with interest the commotion which the new doctrine made in the beliefs of his contemporaries. There is but one way in which we can account for his tranquillity. His child-like faith was altogether independent of theories regarding the meaning of the word "creation." Whether it occurred in six days or was spread over sixty million years, the Prime Cause was the same. One view of the process, or the other, was right. It mattered not which, so long as we knew the truth. His belief in the divine purpose was unaffected. God's in his heaven, all's right with the world!

There is one poem which would not have been written in pre-darwinian days, *Caliban upon Setebos*; not that it deals with evolution, but because it is an illustration of the search for causes which the doctrine of evolution prompted.

Caliban, you remember, is the monster in Shakespeare's *Tempest*, half man, half brute, whom Prospero had taught to speak. He was Prospero's slave.

"I must obey; his art is of such power
It would control my dam's God, Setebos,
And make a vassal of him."

Patagonia had been discovered by Magellan in 1520. He, or a subsequent voyager, I cannot say which, had reported that the Patagonians worshipped a god whom they called Setebos. It is very unlikely that he, or his interpreters, understood the language of the natives sufficiently well to ascertain any fact of any kind regarding their religious beliefs—but let that pass. The mariners of the XVIth century brought back innumerable tales of the monsters whom they had encountered in outlandish places. Nor were they intentionally lying. Had not Andrew Battle, who lived for 9 months in the Kingdom of the Congo, seen long-armed hairy monsters, who slept in trees and lived wholly upon fruit and nuts? Had not many another visited the South Sea Islands, where men ate their fellow men? The larger apes they classed not with monkeys but with the dark skinned races of mankind, (unconscious anticipation of Darwinism). Why should they class them with monkeys? Monkeys have tails. Shakespeare laid the scene of the *Tempest* in an island off the coast of Patagonia, farther from London than any other known land. Browning makes the brute-man Caliban reflect, philosophize if you will, upon the attributes of his dam's god Setebos.

He prefixes to the poem a text from the Psalms.

"Thou thoughtest that I was altogether such an one as thyself."

The poem is a skit, if you like so to call it, upon certain perverted forms of religious thought in the ascendant in his day. It is a quite justifiable illustration of the anthropomorphism, the calvinism (which he abhorred) and the grovelling self-abasement of certain sects, who thought that the Deity would be annoyed if they seemed too happy.

How does Browning account for the misery in the world, the pain which Caliban attributes to the caprice, or love of sport of Setebos? Browning sees Power—the force which created the world. He feels Love. But if the all-powerful be the all-loving too, why did he create, or why does he allow the misery which neutralizes the happiness of his creatures? St. John dying in the desert exclaims, "I saw the Power; I see the Love, once weak, resume the Power." Scarcely a satisfactory explanation of the misery from which mankind has suffered during the secular divorce of Power and Love! Browning is convinced that it is not satisfactory, he struggles to understand that Power and Love are two aspects of the same force—the obverse and the reverse of a minted coin, could we but see both sides at the same time.

To explain pain it is necessary to account for the entrance of sin into the world. What was Browning's teaching on the

great doctrine of sin and the atonement, another instance of a controversy which greatly occupied the minds of his contemporaries without leaving any trace in his own published work?

The majority of the sermons to which I listened in my youth treated of sin and the atonement. In the realism with which the dogma of purification by blood was presented to our young minds, in the emphasis laid on sacrifice, they would seem almost pagan, judged by the standards of to-day. It is not a subject of which we should expect other poets to treat, but we should expect to find it handled by Browning, because he gives thought in so many of his poems to the antitheses, joy and pain, goodness and sin. He does endeavour to account for pain and sin, the cruelty inflicted upon the human soul by the remorseless course of Nature, the wrongs done by wicked and perverse men; but nowhere does he introduce the dogmatic explanation which alone satisfied—so far as any explanation could satisfy—his contemporaries.

"The evil is null, is nought, is silence implying sound." Mediæval schoolmen taught that evil is the shadow of good—good permanent, evil the transient contrast which sets it off. The Fathers settled the difficulty by saying that evil is thought, and therefore was not created. Browning adopts this explanation and glorifies it.

"Why rushed the discords in, but that harmony should be prized?" Sorrow is hard to bear, but it is essential to the Creator's plan for perfecting the soul which he has called into being. Good, to be really good, must be the product of effort, of sacrifice, of suffering. Good and joy are to evil and misery as light to darkness. If there were no darkness there could be no light. There can be no progress where no resistance; no strength where no weakness; no purity where nothing is foul, no courage without fear, no right without wrong.

Browning's conception of the Scheme of the Universe—and by scheme we must understand the Creator's plan, not the inter-action of blind forces—is set forth in the poem which immediately precedes the epilogue, his own almost miraculous epitaph, the *Reverie*. It is the reply to Caliban upon Setebos.

It is the fashion to speak of Browning as an "optimist," with an intonation which implies reproach—a man who will not see the things which he dislikes and disapproves; who pretends that there is no evil, because he does not choose to recognise its existence. It has been suggested that Browning,

with his well-ordered digestion, and, except for his one great sorrow, happy, comfortable, interesting life, did not feel the misery which is the lot of so many other men. "Do you find your life distasteful? My life did and does smack sweet." This is to misunderstand his nature. He was not blind. He paints evil in lurid hues when it is his purpose to heighten its contrasting good. But never did he paint evil for its own sake, as a thing in itself. It is the shadow which sets off the brightness of the emergent good. It is unimaginable that Browning should have tolerated such a thought as James Thompson expresses in the ghastly lines:—

Speak not of comfort, where no comfort is,
 Speak not at all; can words make foul things fair?
 Our life's a cheat, our death a black abyss.
 Hush, and be mute, envisaging despair!

A mad-house wail! Devil's laughter! Our poet was sane, and consequently cheerful. His was a bouyant soul, because he believed in progress. His creed was Meliorism. If God be in his heaven, how can things be going wrong on earth? They may be bad; but there is purpose in this struggle between good and bad. Were there no furnace, the dross would never be purged from gold. Were there no choice of good or evil, the human race could never acquire self-mastery. Virtue is not a thing in itself. It is the complement of vice. Men are perfected through strife.

If Browning had a message to deliver—it is a dangerous term—the poet would have maintained that he had no message to deliver—he spoke the truth—it is the truth that makes us free; but if we admit that by his manner of presenting Truth he conveyed a message—it may be summed up in the one word "Strive." Need I remind you of Rabbi ben Ezra's retrospect of life, or of the daring condemnation in the Statue and the Bust of the unlit lamp and ungirt loin, tho' the end in sight was a vice.

Hope for the individual lies in his realization of his responsibility for himself, his option of being good or bad, his power—nay the necessity which is laid upon him, whether he realizes it or not—of making his own character. Hope for the race lies in the developing self-consciousness of mankind. This thesis underlies Chamberlain's *Foundations of the XIXth Century*—a recent analysis of the social forces which have determined the destiny of nations throughout all ages. But if Chamberlain presents the subject in a new guise, the thought is old. If mankind in the mass realizes its self-consciousness it will, at the same time, realize that its destiny is under its

own control. Consciousness involves choice. As mankind realizes that some conditions of social life give pain, others pleasure, it will recognize that it can will the suppression of the causes of pain, and the enrichment of the sources of joy, so far as they are truly social factors, conditions which society can change.

In every poem from *Sordello* to the *Epilogue*, Browning the metaphysician, lays stress upon this self-consciousness of the individual and self-consciousness of the race, which he terms Soul.

And his religion? His conception of the relation of God to the Soul? God's in his heaven! He ordained that thou shouldst strive. He fixed thee mid this dance of plastic circumstance. Machinery just meant to give thy soul its bent, try thee and turn thee forth. He would not have compelled his creatures to strive. He would not have constructed machinery to tear their flesh, if by any other means they could have been made perfect.

Browning's child-like trust saved him from all spiritual anxiety. The controversies of the XIXth century scarcely interested him, although he lived through the most revolutionary period of religious thought through which Christians have ever passed.

And this same child-like trust made him independent of all dogmas. "I belong to no sect," he is said to have asserted. In Christmas Day and Easter Eve he acknowledged that:—

Needs must there be one way, our chief
Best way of worship: let me strive
To find it, and when found, contrive
My fellows also take their share!
This constitutes my earthly care:
God's is above it and distinct.

There is one best way for him; but when he tries to imagine how Man's worship appears to God he recognises that the service in Zion Chapel—which he makes unpleasantly and unnecessarily vulgar—and the ordered pomp of St. Peter's at Rome are equally acceptable to the Deity:—

Moravian hymn and Roman chant
In one devotion blend.

Even

Discords find harmonious close
In God's atoning ear,

as J. R. Lowell sang in "Godminster Chimes."

For himself, the only evidence of preference of which I am aware was his attendance on Sunday afternoons at the chapel

in Camden Town under the pastorate of Thomas Jones, a Welsh Congregational minister of much eloquence, and an ingenious and logical thinker. His afternoon "talks" were rarely prefaced by a text. In them he treated both of subjects of passing interest, and of the eternal problems which the intellect will never solve. To a volume of Mr. Jones' sermons, Browning contributed the preface.

Surely, there has never, in the whole history of literature, been so singular a coincidence as the publication in 1889 by Tennyson and Browning of two small volumes, each of which contained the poet's swan-song. Of the same size and shape, both volumes conclude with a poem of four stanzas, *Crossing the Bar* and the *Epilogue to Asolando*.

Such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Lines too full of thought and feeling for analysis. Life, Soul, all that made the person Tennyson flowed back to its source, the boundless deep.

A few weeks before his death Browning wrote to a friend, "I shall soon depart from Venice, on my way homeward." On December 12th, 1889, his spirit left Venice for his real home, the abode of his wife. He was reunited to his wife.

"What, and is it really you again?" Quoth I.
"I again, what else did you expect?" Quoth she.
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest!

One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, sleep to wake.

THOUGHTS FROM THE RUBAIYAT OF
A HARTLEY STUDENT.

* * *

Awake! for clocks have struck the hour of eight
For us below doth cooling breakfast wait,
And lo! upon our bacon rashers fat
Feasteth the harmless necessary cat!

Dreaming, when dawn's left hand was in the sky,
I heard a voice outside my bedroom cry
"Are you awake? It's eight o'clock—GET UP!"
So out I tumbled with a mournful sigh.

And as the whistles blew I stood before
A good ten minutes' walk and said, "O lor!
Can I be there in time?—I know I can't.
Ah, well, then I must lose my mark once more."

.

Myself when fresh did eagerly frequent
Lecture and class, and heard great argument
Around it and about, but evermore
Came out about as wise as in I went.

In me the seeds of knowledge they did sow,
I with my own hand laboured it to grow,
And this was all the harvest that I reap'd
In terminals—say twenty marks or so.

Indeed, indeed, repentance oft before
I swore—but it was terminals when I swore—
And after vac. the long new term began,
And I was free to slack about once more.

Listen again. One morning ere the close
Of last September did begin school prac.
In a gigantic room. I stood alone
With a huge class in front of me—in rows.

And, strange to tell, among that motley lot,
Some were intelligent and some—were not;
Yet not a youngster there but could divine
Each word of that day's lessons I'd forgot.

Then someone said, "Oh, surely not in vain,
Away from us is our own teacher ta'en.
A good time now, if ever can we have."
Alas, *my* protestations were in vain!

B. K. B.



SCRAPS.



+ + +

PROVERBIAL wisdom is proverbially foolish, yet still there lies a grain of truth in the words "Well begun is half done." Hence, you perceive, reader, I have chosen a title which shall allure and attract you, and have commenced my effort at interesting you with as snappy a little epigram as my over-tasked brain could devise. "Scraps"—does it not conjure up in your mind (this to male readers) visions of pugilistic encounters, great and gory,—the hope of a "White Hope,"—or even the meeting of the H.U.C. Boxing Soc. the other week? For such is the degeneracy of our language, that "scrap" has come to mean that which heretofore was designated a fight, a box, or a game at fisticuff. "Scraps" (this to the ladies)—does not the word bring to your mind thoughts of those dainty snippets of silk, satin, or ribbon, treasured in your box, from which cunning fingers will fashion dainty jabots. [Strange—the word is strangely like to "jabber"—a thing you ladies are prone to, if one may believe all that books say of you. This by the way.]

Yet, it is with neither of these two varieties of scrap that I would deal, but rather with those fragments of word and thought which the seeker may find strewn on life's pathway.

Have you ever paused from your multitudinous labours to reflect for a moment upon the strange nature of conversations—how revealing some, how obscuring others—like a curtain which may completely veil the speaker's mind from his hearer, or, being in part withdrawn, may reveal a glimpse, vague, shadowy and illusive, of his inner thoughts—or, being wholly withdrawn, reveals—all. But no, this latter can never happen in its entirety. Never shall the enveiling curtain be wholly withdrawn, never shall you see wholly into the innermost heart, the thought-sanctuary of even your dearest. Still, in spite of this, there are times when a man's conversation reveals most of him that matters. When he is off guard, and freely and naturally expresses that which is in him, then may you peer behind the curtain, and see what manner of man it is that speaks.

Go through life then with an ear open, and a mind attentive to the most trifling scrap of expressed thought that may reach you, even to the vaguest and most fleeting fragment of conversation that drops from the lips of passers-by. Listen to the words of chance-met acquaintances in the railway-

carriage, the train, or the restaurant—listen, as it were, to other people's business, picking up as curious that which they heedlessly let fall. In this way you shall create in a corner of your mind a veritable museum of strange scraps and oddities, and these very far from valueless, in that, being from life, they tell of Life as it is. They shall teach you of human nature and the world in which it operates. Listen and learn.

A short while ago in a crowded railway-carriage I gleaned a scrap more amusing, perhaps, than instructive, but interesting, nevertheless, in that it revealed the limited range of thought of the average man. It was 11.30 a.m.; the weather was abominable. At a little way-side station there got in an individual of a rosy, cheerful countenance and genial mien—a working man (I borrow the word from Clock-Tower orators). If he had not looked on the wine when it was red, he had at least drunk of the beer when it was bubbly. Suffice it to say that he was cheerful, and, as it proved, disposed to philosophise. After sundry remarks about the weather, his talk turned to the wonders of the Press and its influence upon the community in the direction of spreading knowledge.

"Yesh," he says, "'sh wonderful. There's that *Dail Mirror*—shent a relief ship to that 'ere hisland—whatsh name." "St. Kilda," I prompted. "Yesh, St. Kilda. Well," he continued, warming to his theme, "now they've shent to 'nother hisland, and, yer know," (this in a confidential tone) "there 'tish up there between Orkney and Shetlan'—Isle of Ayr—Orkney and Shetlan' fifty miles apart, and Isle of Ayr between the two; twenty-five miles from each. And, yer know, thish the point—Before that was put in papersh people didn't know 'twash there, and if you'd tole 'em 'twash there they've called yer a liar. But now itsh in papersh they know itsh there—Isle of Ayr twenty-five miles from Orkney and Shetlan'—wonderful, theshe papersh."

Scrap number two. Scene—High Street, Southampton. Time—A day in early Spring. In the gutter stood a strong, hardy individual selling bunches of violets. He was a man of a gipsy look—one in whose veins the blood ran warm and tumultuously—a man, as far as one could judge, quick to resent an injury; even now, perhaps, as I seemed to gather from the way he in his gutter eyed those on the pavement—even now, perhaps, labouring under a sense of wrong and injustice. A lady approached him, rustlingly fine, tricked out in rich fur coat, muff and stole, a gold chain and so on—you know the type—one who eyed the man in the gutter as if he

were scarce better than the mud in which he stood. She made some inquiry, which I did not catch—eyeing the man meanwhile through gold rimmed lorgnettes. At the man's reply she turned away with a glance of most utter contempt, having purchased nothing. But I heard the man mutter, and saw him throw after her a look of the wildest, fiercest, absolutely murderous resentment. I heard him saying ruminatively, questioningly to himself. "Threepence a bunch too dear?" "Penny a bunch?" "Penny violets?—Aye, and you can get penny bullets too!"

I passed on and heard no more—wondering if the man were mad, or, if not, what bitterness lay in his heart that could provoke such venomous hate as lay in his look and words. I pondered, moreover, upon that much-talked-of Social Problem, and remembered the *sans-culottes* of the French Revolution.

Scrap number three: whence we derive more reflections upon the Social Problem, and glean the old fact that we should not judge by appearances.

It happened thus.—'Twas on a glorious day of June, and I, tricked out in all the glory of white flannels, tennis shoes, muffler, fancy socks, racquet, etc. (you know the type), was speeding Atherleywards as fast as the tram would convey me. Into the car there came some five or six big burly working-men (I thank thee, Trade Unionist, for teaching me that word!), dock labourers, as far as one could judge. They were filthily dirty, ragged of coat and trouser, collarless. Their conversation was concerned with the amount of money a wife might justly demand of her husband, and the talk centred round the case of one Bill, whose "missus," it appeared, always demanded and received ("Frailty—is thy name Woman?") more than Bill's pals considered just and right, with the consequence that Bill had not as much spare cash in his pocket as had his mates.

"Well," says one broad-shouldered fellow, speaking in slow and measured fashion, yet with a terrible Hampshire accent—"Well, I reckons as how a man *ought* ter 'ave enough in 'es pahkut (Hampshire for "pocket") so as if 'e goes out 'e can treat a pal if 'e wants to. A man wants about thirty shillun or two quid in 'es pahkut so that if 'e meets some pals 'e can take 'um in a pub. and treat 'um sociable-like. I don't mean ter say," he continued, taking his pipe from his mouth and waving it in a cautioning manner, "that 'cos a man's got ut in 'es pahkut 'es got ter go and spend ut all at once, but a man wants about two quid about 'im, so as if 'e wants ter spend ut 'e can;

Reader, the man certainly looked well fed and warmly clothed, but a casual observer looking at him and me would, I think, inevitably have reckoned me as being the better off in this world's goods. And yet my coaly fellow-traveller could coolly, deliberately, and, I believe, seriously talk of carrying two clear pounds in his pocket on the off-chance of wanting it to treat his pals; while I at the moment was possessed of one solitary bobble. Whence, as I anticipated, you derive many illuminating reflections upon the solution of problems in Social Inequalities, and upon the colossal folly of judging anything or anybody by externals alone.

Yet another scrap. My one fellow-traveller was a warrior, gloriously bedight in khaki raiment—a young squire, it would seem, with his spurs yet to win. You perceived at once the down was scarce in evidence on his upper lip, the newness was not worn from his clothes. *Apropos* of nothing, he remarked to me, as if glad to find someone to whom he could pour out his burdened heart, "Got a job ter-morrer, I 'ave."

"Really," I politely rejoined.

"Yes," with a knowing shake of the head; "gotter clean all these 'ere buttons up." He fingered them with loving pride. "Gotter meet a friend at this 'ere station, and 'e ain't turned up yet." This evidently was but an excuse to lean far out of the window and thus display his manly form, clad in all the glory of Territorial attire—for the friend did not come. Sitting down as the train moved out of the station, he recommenced, "Yes, and it ain't no easy job neither, and these ain't the only ones—gotter clean them on me uvver coat—me 'reds' as well."

I murmured a sympathetic "Oh!" and thereby invited further confidences.

"No, 'taint easy furst time cleanin'—yer see, I ony got 'em Friday, and I fought I'd just put 'em on ter see 'ow they go."

"And how do they go?" I asked.

"Oh, pretty well, yer know," he rejoined, "they're alright."

A pause. 'Then—

"Yer know, I see in the paper they're raisin' the pay of Territorials."

"Really!"

"Yes, givin' 'em annuver pound a week, yer know. Now s'pose—I don't say they do, mind yer—but s'pose a man gets twenty-five shilluns a week at camp—I ain't ben ter camp yet, yer know" (I did know)—"s'pose a man gets twenty-five shilluns a week; well, now 'e'll get a pound extry—see? It's alright, yer know, ain't it?"

I nodded an affirmative.

"But" (this with an air of great wisdom) "I knows why they done it. I could tell them why, as well as they could me."

"To get more Territorials," I suggested.

"Yes, so's ter get more Territorials; but that ain't all." His voice took on a note of seriousness, almost of solemnity. An earnest look came on his face; it was to be no playing at soldiers with him.

"They wants more Territorials 'cos they can see summat's comin'—they know and I know. They can see summat's goin' ter 'appen before the year's out, and they're tryin' ter get all the men they can and train 'em up ready. That's what it is: these Germans—(a long pause)—I know."

On this he relapsed into his corner in silence, with an air suggestive of the fact that here, at least, was one brave heart ready to do and dare and die when his country called him. So you see, reader, "Twas not for the sake of a ribboned coat" alone that that youth had joined "the Fifth." Some hope of glory lay in his heart; some relic of the old warrior, Saxon spirit had stirred him. I reflected that "Some love England and her honour yet," and that surely there are others who, if that prophecy—"summat's comin'"—came true, would and could do their duty right manfully.

Reader, "an I would I could" give you still further scraps to feed upon, but since a meal of nought but these is somewhat unsatisfying I will offer no more.

Let these suffice to whet your appetite and cause you to seek scraps for yourself.

MICK.

MANKIND. ~ ~ ~

* * *

I am white, I am black,
 Glorious, grotesque,
 I move, I stand still,
 Swagger, or shiver;
 In fact, I'm a man.

I love the lovely.
 I love the ugly too,
 I like the spirit's
 And the flesh's retard,
 I'm very human.

I tumble down deeps
 And through into lower ones,
 And rise above the clouds
 Into other universes,
 But am still what I was.

Gods I may talk of,
 But I don't forget Fauns—
 Industry and Idlesse,
 Science and Fiction—
 I know how to mix them.

I am nonsense and sense,
 I empty out logic,
 When I see one judging
 I judge him too,
 And myself as well.

Vinegar and wine,
 I am sweet, I am sour,
 I give alms, I steal,
 I throw out good and evil
 In alternate rays.

Death flirts with me,
 Life ogles me, too,
 I'm a cracked vase—
 How lovely the vase!
 But the crack's also lovable.

A million miles of nerves,
A million ways of feeling,
A million of illusions—
I'm on that web
Like a spider.

I've all the diseases,
The hopes and despairs,
Fever grins at me,
The usurer trips me up,
But I'm never outspent.

I am shot or tortured,
I am clad in purple robes
And sit on a throne of gold;
They put bars over my windows
To keep me in or out.

I lead armies, storm cities,
And yell at a pin-prick;
All heroes do that,
(And so do all cowards)—
The leopard changes his spots.

Apes in menageries
Look at me and laugh,
And I laugh back;
My dog has a knowing eye
As he walks beside me.

I have wooden legs
And two glass eyes;
I change every seven years
In both mind and body—
The apes might well laugh.

I'm burned on the bier
And popped into urns;
Some prefer a coffin,
Pyramid or museum,—
I am my own undertaker.

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I get converted, I break heads,
Hell Gate cuts me in two,
Heaven ends at my diaphragm;
They are tugging at me,
But I am quite serene.

To go on being a man
Is enough for any man,
All else is *unmanly*—
Those who prefer
More complex riddles
Should ring up the Sphinx!

A. E.



SOME PHASES OF PLANT-LORE.

* * *

PERHAPS no phase of Botany is so full of living interest as that which is interwoven with the folk-lore of the people and steeped in the traditions and local colouring of the times. It is there that we have to search for the unwritten records of the foundations of all science, stored up by generation after generation, and often depending for survival on some quaint custom, myth, or legend. There, it is true, we are far from the painful precision and exactitude of modern science: indeed, we are thrown into the midst of ignorance, superstition, and prejudice, further involved by the irregular course of social change; but, through it all, we feel ourselves in touch with the lives of our forefathers, and able to catch fleeting glimpses of their hopes and fears, which become visualised into a fairly clear image of their social condition and mental outlook. Gleanings of folk-lore, taken as isolated facts, often absurd and ridiculous, afford considerable amusement to the curious; their real interest and advantage as a study lie in linking up the facts, forming pictures of the past, tracing the development of the present, noting how slowly scientific methods have evolved, gauging the immense and far-reaching effect of the scientific outlook on mental and moral emancipation, throwing the clear penetrating light of reason on popular beliefs, and isolating the germs of truth underlying the masses of superstition and tradition. All these steps may be followed if we care to begin with the first traditional or historical accounts of primitive man.

Early man, with his child-like, untutored mind, acquired knowledge mainly from individual experience. Depending to a greater extent upon his immediate surroundings, he came more closely into contact with nature, felt more deeply the glow and warmth of a benificent sun, more keenly the cruel tooth of biting frost, and more fully the delicious sweetness of fruits newly found. Necessity compelled him to know something of the habits and haunts of the animals upon which he preyed, of the properties and seasons of the plants which gave him food, and of the natural climatic conditions he had to fear.

Certain resemblances between animal and plant must have been noted. Both had life; both were subject to change and decay. In autumn the monster trees of the forest shed their leaves; during winter their bare limbs were often wind-tossed, heaving wildly as if at the commands of the shrieking spirits,

heard among the swaying boughs. With the return of spring came renewed life—leaves, flowers and later fruits to plants, and the migrants to the woods. To his undeveloped mind it was beyond comprehension. There must be some mysterious power or spirit guiding it all. Can we wonder, then, that the stately tree became regarded as possessing life akin to his own, or that the regeneration of leaf and flower seemed to typify creative power? Hence, doubtless, arose the idea of cosmogonic trees which find a place in the mythology of many races. Most famous of these is the world-forming Ash, or Yggdrasil, of the Scandinavian Eddas, which supported and overshadowed the whole universe. One of its stems sprang from the primordial abyss, and, issuing out of Asgard, the celestial mountain in the centre, spread its branches throughout space, forming clouds and stars with its leaves, buds, and fruit. Across those branches ran four harts, browsing at will. These were supposed to typify the four cardinal winds. An eagle and a hawk resting on the boughs have been interpreted as representing air and ether, while up and down the stem raced a nimble squirrel trying to raise strife between the eagle and Nidhogg, a horrible monster constantly gnawing the root of the tree. Another branch sprang in the warm south over the ethereal fountain, near which the gods sat in judgment, and the Norns—the three fate-dealing maidens—dwelt. There they drew water to sprinkle on the leaves to prevent fading and decay. Over towards the north arose another stem, rising over the source of the ocean, from which all wit and wisdom sprang. Thither one day came Odin, begging a drink, which he obtained only after leaving his eye as a pledge.

Odin and his two brothers, while journeying over the world, came upon "two stocks, void of future." Into these they breathed the power of life.

"Spirit they owned not.
Sense they had not,
Blood, nor vigour,
Nor colour fair.
Spirit gave Odhian,
Thought gave Hoenir,
Blood gave Lodr
And colour fair."

This idea of descent seems to have been wide-spread in the early days of Greece and Rome. Virgil writes:—

"Of nymphs and fauns and savage men who took
Their birth from trunks of trees and stubborn oak."

Later, however, trees became regarded as distinct sentient beings, or at least as the homes of individual spirits—a con-

ception which must have held a prominent place in primitive belief when human intelligence and emotion selected the grand, imposing, or inexplicable as objects of worship. In the mythology of most savage peoples we find traces of this belief in trees being not only the abode of separate spirits, but also the habitation of souls departed. These spirits were either good or malignant. In one of the tales from Bengal folk-lore we learn of a banyan tree haunted by a number of spirits who wrung the necks of all who were rash enough to approach the tree during the night.

In our own mythology there were the good spirits, the little folks, the fays, the elves, the pixies, who proved harmless to man unless crossed in any way. Some dwelt in trees, others in various flowers, especially those with bell-shaped corollas. Their hours were after midnight, when the moonbeams strayed and flitted through the swaying branches, covering the soft verdure of secluded glades with trembling carpets of silver. Hither they flocked for their revels, summoned by the faint tinkling of the Harebell. The so-called "Fairy Rings" were the only marks which told man of their frolic and gambol. These were held in great awe, for we learn that in olden days, when May dew was gathered by young ladies intent on improving nature, they carefully avoided touching the grass within those rings for fear of displeasing the little folks, who had the power to destroy their personal charms.

Our forefathers believed firmly in those spritely little elves. Is it to be wondered at, then, that such a host of plants became associated with fairy-lore—the Cowslip and Harebell, in which they slept, Fairy Flax, from whose slender stems their delicate garments were woven, Fairy Cap (Foxglove), Elf Dock, Fairies' Hairs, and many more? There is a happy note in their conception of fairy life, which stands in pleasing contrast to the other side of the picture. The plants associated with demonology reflect the sombre outlook of the savage mind, all the awe and fear inspired by the mysterious and the invisible.

It is quite an easy matter to conceive how noxious and poisonous plants became connected with the name of Satan or his minions, and how they tended to be regarded as unlucky or accursed. It is much more difficult to trace the association with harmless plants. However that may be, the plant-names of every country bear eloquent testimony to this association. Various members of the plant world have been named after his apparel, his needs, and even the parts of his body. Sun Spurge is known as Devil's Milk, while

Angelica is regarded as his oatmeal. Devil's Butter is the name given by the Scandinavians to a yellow fungus, while the Irish supply him with a churn-staff in their name for another species of spurge. The Toad Flax is often termed Devil's Ribbon, and Indigo his dye, just as the puff-ball, so common in natural and waste pastures, has been called his snuff-box and Phallus his horn. It is quite natural, however, that he should be indebted to the animal kingdom for his coach-horse, but his coach-wheels have been supplied by the people of Denbigh, who call a certain species of the buttercups by that name. Doubtless, knowing his deeply-rooted preference for wandering by night, the peasants of Warwickshire gave him a candlestick—their name for Ground Ivy. Then, as if to complete his outfit, the Arabians have described the Mandrake as the Devil's Candle.

We have reason to believe that the old fellow wore hose. From the plant world comes strange corroboration. Devil's Thread is the name given by the Germans to Clematis, while the long awn-like points of Scandix have been called Devil's Darning Needles. The Irish again crown the evidence by supplying him with garters, their popular term for Bindweed. Last of all, the stately Tritoma, with beautiful red spiked inflorescence, so familiar in our gardens in autumn, delights in the name of Devil's Poker.

Very early in the history of most races plants played an important part in magic and witchcraft. Knowledge of certain plant properties gave the observant and cunning a hold over their fellows, and nowhere is the awe, entertained by the mass for the mysterious, illustrated better, than in that portion of folk-lore dealing with plants and witches. Hecate knew the properties of every herb, and these she imparted to her nefarious daughters. Ovid tells us that Medea used Monks-hood sprung from the foam of many-headed Cerebrus, while Circe was even more assiduous in simpling, and kept a band of attendants who

"Culled in canisters, disastrous flowers

And plants from haunted heaths and fairy bowers,

With brazen sickles, reaped at planetary hours."

This belief in witches increased until the Middle Ages when its hold was so general that we derive a grim picture of the mental degradation of our forefathers. Witches had their favourite plants. They had a preference for Broom, and Thorn, Ragwort and Hemlock, Nightshade and Vervain.

The infamous simpling of Medean hags was influenced by a belief in Astrology, similar to what as we find in the case of

the less harmful herbalists and simplers. To be efficacious the plants had to be gathered under fixed planetary conditions, under certain phases of the moon, at certain hours, and after preparatory incantations and rites.

The quaint old herbalist Coles writes most gravely that "If asses chance to feed much upon Hemlock, they will fall so fast asleep that they will seem to be dead; insomuch that some thinking them to be dead indeed, have flayed off their skins, yet after the Hemlock hath done operating, they had stirred and wakened out of their sleep to the grief and amazement of their owners, and to the laughter of others." Moonwort was believed to be able to take the shoes from the feet of horses grazing near them, but of all the plants connected with witches and sorcerers, the Mandrake is the one round which the most curious legends cluster. The name was derived from its fanciful resemblance to the human body. By the ancients it was supposed to have a preference for growing under the shadow of a gallows, from whose victims it drew its nourishment. On being pulled at it uttered such fearful groans and cries that the daring desecrator was immediately struck with madness or death. This personal danger, however, was overcome by digging the earth almost entirely away from around it, tying it to a dog's tail, and immediately getting out of ear-shot of its deadly groans. The dog did the uprooting, and also the only groaning they could have heard.

Spells and charms were the special stock-in-trade of the hags, and, doubtless like quack medicines at the present day, proved the most remunerative. Unloved and love-sick maidens were their chief dupes. To those the old beldame would impart the precious secret that Lily-of-the-valley, gathered before sunrise, and rubbed on the face would take away freckles, or that Wild-tansy, soaked in butter-milk for nine days, would, when applied to the face, cause the user to look handsome. The old witch would take a rhizome of bracken, and cutting it low down, show to the enquiring maiden the initial letter of her future husband's name.

From times most remote the valuable medicinal properties of many plants have been recognised. This was part of the knowledge gleaned and utilised by the early medicine-men. The chemical properties of plants were not known as such, their healing properties being ascribed mainly to magic, or the charm formula with which they were applied. The medicine man gave place later to the village "guidwives," the simplers and herbalists. They helped to extend the knowledge of Botany as they knew it. Often by the very quaintness and

absurdity of some of their beliefs they prepared the ground indirectly for investigation and that scientific thoroughness which is so opposed to their own credulity.

These old herbalists, unlike their predecessors, gave their knowledge to the world in voluminous tomes, which afford instructive and amusing reading. The first works of this kind, printed in Britain were translations from French and from Latin. From these and other manuscripts we gain incidental glimpses of the state of "Leachdom" in Anglo-Saxon and later times, and we are thus able to form an opinion of the earlier years of the art of simpling, and of the various superstitions upon which it was based. Perhaps the most ridiculous of all these old ideas, was that known to us now as the Doctrine of Plant Signatures. This was that plants by their external features showed plainly the diseases or cures for which a beneficent God had intended them. It is somewhat difficult to trace the origin of this belief. But, whatever its ultimate origin may be, there can be doubt as to the part it played in the evolution of botanical and medical science. The early Egyptians drew their first knowledge of medicine from these signs, to the study of which they paid close attentions, believing that there existed a certain sympathy or antipathy between parts of animals and of plants.

In actual practice this doctrine meant that plants with particular shape, colour, deformity, or number of parts, were applied as remedies for diseases with which these very characteristics became associated. Thus *Medicago maculata*, (Heart Trefoil) from its cordate leaf and flesh colour, was regarded as a cure for diseases of the heart. It was used to defend this organ from what the old herbalists called "the noisome vapours of the spleen." The spotted leaves of Lungwort were a sovereign remedy for tuberculosis, while the Knotgrass, from its lowly and stunted appearance, was supposed to retard the growth of children. Concerning the curative properties of the underground stem of Solomon's Seal, Gerarde writes very quaintly, "The roots of this plant stamped while it is freshe and greene and applied, taketh away in one night, or in two at the most, any bruise, black or blue eyes, gotten by falls, or women's wilfulness in stumbling upon their hasty husbands' fists." Any comment would spoil the delightful naivety of the latter remark. A doctrine finding its origin in the most remote civilizations, and having its genesis in a symbolism which, from its very concreteness, appealed to the stage of mental progress of the time, was bound to die hard. It was one of the first planks of the early herbalists, and even botanists like Rae who tried to eradicate superstition

and magic, could not free themselves entirely from the trammels of tradition.

The hold of the doctrine may also be gauged by the many references to it in literature. Much has been written about Fern "Seed" in this connection. At a very early date it was thought that ferns had no seeds, and later that they had, although these could not be seen. Applying the doctrine, the possession of these invisible "seeds" secured invisibility to the happy possessors. "We steal as in a castle, cocksure; we have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible," says Gadshill in *Henry IV*.

But it seems that it was no easy matter to get hold of the so-called seeds. One method was to take twelve plates to a place where ferns grew. The "seeds" were affirmed to pass through eleven and rest on the last. From another account we learn that midsummer night was a most propitious time to secure the mystic spores, but that the seeker had to go bare-foot, practically undressed, and in a religious frame of mind.

The influence of Astrology permeated ancient simpling. This was but a natural outcome of the fascination which planetary bodies have exercised over all barbaric and even semi-barbaric races, forming in some cases the basis of their religions, and colouring strongly every phase of their folk-lore. We find many instances of particular lunar or planetary conjunctions reported as performing marvellous cures, as for example in an ancient treatment for Asthma, which was to walk alone three times round the house at midnight with the moon in a certain position. Again it was believed that every plant was under the direct influence of a planet. Thus the gardner had to sow and plant under certain conditions and at certain times, while, if herbs were to be efficacious as remedies, the same attention had to be paid to the time, season, and manner of their gathering. Culpeper, the author of one of the most famous herbals, gives a list of some five hundred plants and the planets that govern them. He held that Mars eradicated all diseases in the throat by his herbs, and sent them on an errand to Egypt, never to return. The eyes were under the Sun and Moon, the right eye of man and the left eye of women swayed by the former, the left eye of man and the right of woman by the latter. Wormwood, a herb of Mars, cured both of any disease. The Moon seems to have been the most potent factor, for certain plants were gathered only at certain phases of that body.

It was also necessary very often to gather or to apply the simples with charms and incantations. At first these rites

were doubtless prayers to the invisible powers. In Cornwall the Club-moss used to be collected in the following manner, and applied as a remedy for all diseases of the eye. On the third day of the moon, immediately it rose, the knife with which the moss was to be cut was shown to the moon, and this couplet repeated :—

" As Christ healed the issue of blood,
Do thou cut what thou cuttest for good."

Then at sundown the Club-moss was cut by the operator, kneeling and with hands carefully washed. Afterwards it was wrapped in a white cloth, and finally boiled in water from the spring nearest the place of growth.

Like the quacks of the present day, these old simplers

" Knew the cause of every maladie,
Were it cold or hote, or moist or drie."

They had effective remedies for diseases natural or unnatural. There was no beast at home or abroad whose bite or sting they could not cure. Troublesome dreams or nightmares were at their command. They were also conversant with mental diseases, and they held they could purge melancholy or cure lunacy. Stoutness among ladies and baldness among men must have been sore points even in remote times, for we come across numerous treatments for securing willowy figures and abundant locks. The powers of the simplers did not end with mankind. We find them writing quite seriously how to make liens lay, and horses work harder. In fact, their own many-sidedness was rivalled only by the number and variety of uses to which a single one of their remedies could be put. *Carduus Benedictus*, the blessed thistle, was a favourite. Concerning it an old writer remarks : " It helpeth swimmings, or giddiness in the head, because Aries is in the house of Mars. It is an excellent remedy against the yellow jaundice, because Mars governs cholera. It strengthens the attractive faculty in man and clarifies the blood, because the one is ruled by Mars. The continual drinking the decoction helps red faces, tetter, or ringworm, because Mars causeth them. It helps the plague, boils, sores and itching, the biting of mad dogs and venomous beasts, all which infirmities are under Mars. Thus you see what it doeth by sympathy." Then he proceeds to give an even longer catalogue of the virtues it possesses through "anti-pathy."

In their herbals we get page after page of this jargon, intermingled often with fairly reliable descriptions of plants. It is a queer mixture, and yet it is practically all that stood

for botanical and medical science until a little over a century ago. It was only with the advent of accurate observers, aided by the microscope and other apparatus, that scientific knowledge began to deepen, and, with each more intensive step, what had hitherto been mysterious became clear.

G.K.S.

LAPSUS LINGUAE.

▼ ▼ ▼

Sæpius locutum, nunquam me tacuisse poenitet.

I have often regretted having spoken, never having kept silent.—*Syrus.*



Where do the eustachian tubes lead Miss Urry to?

Mr. Dudley.

Look at the men who are not here.

Miss Urry.

I was never in a pram, mother always carried me.

Mr. Rhodes.

Well, you couldn't bear their shrieks, but you could see them,

Mr. H. A. Thomas.

Miss Seaton derives her Welsh characteristics from her descendents.

Mr. J. E. Davies.

An Amazonian chin is a clean-shaven chin.

Miss W. Rider.

Hamlet was a fatalist, and believed that every hair in a sparrow's head was numbered.

Miss E. Rider.

He saw them with his eyes open.

Miss Fox.

Pull your muzzle back—your rifle I mean.

Sgt. Collins.

Sagas were handed on from mouth to mouth.

Prof. Lyttel.

Syphons commence and finish in a well at each end.

Prof. Eustice.

We must do all we can to lower infant morality.

Prof. Sutherland.

The mineral beryl which occurs in the Scriptures and also in Nature.

Mr. Marle.

You cannot imbibe if you are under too great a pressure.

Prof. Stansfield.

It introduces a certain uncertainty.

Prof. Stansfield.

Not only the position of the bands, but also where they occur.

Prof. Boyd.

Its very unusual, but its often met with.

Mr. Leake.

I shall give your history paper in three halves.

Prof. Lyttel.

Irish civil-servants never see Ireland before they go there.

Mr. Palmer.

Whether Ireland has Home Rule or not has nothing to do with financial affairs or any other affairs.

Mr. Bradbury.



WHERE did Michelson metre? Where he was a centimetre
—in the yard.

THAT if men will allow chivalry to decline, women will not.
Mr. C - - les can witness for this.

THAT Mr. Crawford when told that certain School Practice
Students were engaged in Child Study the previous night,
should think they were parents.

THAT Mr. Cleary's Irish ancestors might turn out to be
Scotch.

THAT John's version of Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité, is
liberality, sufficiency and good-landladies.

THAT John's descent from the table was more speedy than
elegant.

THAT Miss Tidman was in earnest at the Married v. Single
debate.

THAT Dr. Horrocks is responsible for the innendoes against Southampton beer at the banquet.

THAT Miss Seaton sat down.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE FOOTER CAPTAIN.

* * *

All the world's a field,
And all the men and youngsters merely players;
They have their Rugger and their Soccer codes,
And the captain in his time plays many games,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Kicking and dribbling on his nurse's arms,
With soft rubber crammed in mouth,
The only goal in his small baby mind.
And then the grinning schoolboy, with coat and cap
Thrown down for goal, oft runs the risk of cane
For being late. And then the junior,
Roaring like a furnace that all are cheats,
And making rules to suit. Then the Coll. man,
Full of strange cries, with jacket like the pard,
Jealous for Hartley, sudden and quick to quarrel,
Seeking the wages reputation
Even in the mouth of goal. And then the linesman,
With eyes severe and face of knowing cut,
Full of wise saws and ancient instances—
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
To stout and knickerbockered president,
With spectacles on nose and baccy-pouch in hand,
His youthful hose, well filled, a world too tight
For his fat shank. Then his big manly voice
And laugh are heard, as oft he fills his pipe
And listens to the whistle sound. Last scene
That ends this strange, eventful history,
Is the referee, whose second childishness
And mere oblivion to rules has caused the crowd
To rush the ground. In vain to reach his cab
He strives. Thanks to the bobbies' tender care,
The haven he gains. And so he plays his part,
Sans teeth, *sans* hat, *sans* clothes, *sans* everthing.

W. R.

PSYCHIC RESEARCH AT THE COLLEGE.

* * *

14th March, 1914.

THE casual visitor to the College any time between the hours of six and eleven on the evening of above date would have had his ears greeted with sounds of revelry by night proceeding from the Central Hall, where, under the joint auspices of the Debating and Choral Societies, there was foregathered the beauty and the chivalry of our College.

The occasion was the long expected Historical Banquet we had all been hearing so much about.

As to the exact nature of this convivial gathering I was in considerable doubt. For many days Secretary Jimmy had been tip-toeing about the corridors with a furtive air and a conspiratorial face, whispering darkly in secluded corners to white-faced terror-stricken listeners, and his conversation reeked of ghosts, spirits, and the nether world. One overheard, at times, the names of many notable persons, whom I thought long deceased, glibly and affectionately uttered in terms of utmost familiarity.

A brilliant and arresting poster on the notice-board gave me to understand that the mystery might be solved in return for the expenditure of the humble but necessary shilling. But, influenced doubtless by a remote Scots ancestry, I decided to interview the Secretary to the end that I might obtain the necessary initiation gratis.

I accosted the energetic youth as he stood beside a radiator in a fine fury, having just received, as he alleged, a letter of apology and excuse from Christopher Columbus. He backed up this alarming statement by button-holing me and asking whether I would prefer to be Pontius Pilate or Baalam's Ass. Terrified by his wild eye, no less than his insane utterance, I temporarily forgot my mission, and hastily endeavoured to calm his rising frenzy, shaking my head over this sad case of a powerful intellect shattered by overwork.

However, after scanning another note (from Henry VIII., this time), the contents of which seemed to relieve his mind and restore his equilibrium, he listened to my suit and refused it with much heat. I was informed that this was to be the gladdest and maddest evening of all the year, well worth many shillings, and that, in any case, the spoils were being

devoted to that most deserving charity the College Union. So, seeing little chance of preferential treatment from a brither half-Scot, I parted with my shilling and received my card.

And truly never bang went twa saxpences to greater advantage. I perceived that I was promised an entertainment in which the weird and the beautiful were blended in accordance with the just canons of the æsthetic.

It appeared that the committee had, regardless of expense, secured the services of Signor A. Nonymus, the renowned wizard, who undertook to summon from beyond the Styx the spirits of some who truly were "stars from the variety stage of time." And, lest I should be appalled by the gruesomeness of the *séance*, a musical bill of fare was set out cheek by jowl with the *limonade frappé* and *petits babas*, with which my baser inner man was appealed to. As I viewed this triple menu of intellectual, emotional, and material food I determined to be there.

However, I was late, and on my arrival the first musical item had been rendered, and already a large and gay assembly were reacting to the highly electrical state of the atmosphere what time the beaded bubble was winking at each uplifted brim, and the *gateaux* were fast disappearing and the timid blancmange trembled with apprehension at the appetites of the juniors.

But hush! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell, and the voice of the chief necromancer was heard in the hall, *omnes conticuere intenti ora tenebant*. The reprieved jelly sparkled on the arrested spoon. All watched dumbfounded while the wise man began his secret spells and hideous rites. Scarcely was his incantation completed when up rose the spirit of A. Troglodyte, Esq., an ancient dweller on the Common in the good old days of the mammoth, the bear, and the bison. Naturally he was somewhat perturbed at being hailed from his long sleep in the twilight of the gods, and asked to return to earth to propose the health of so modern an institution as "The King;" but he acquitted himself with true troglodytic *savoir faire* and humour, deprecating the fact that the foaming blood of the bison in which he and his peers had gloried and drunk deep was now replaced by so frivolous a tippie as soda water. The royal toast was given and received with full cave honours.

The spell-binder was now warming to his work, and his weird utterances succeeded in recalling to the pale glimpses of the moon a well-known sea-green incorruptible ornament

of the French Revolution. who appropriately enough was asked to propose "The Government." He complied with such fury and in so sanguinary terms that many thought he was for a second time about to lose his head in the interests of *Liberté, Egalité et Fraternité*. This rousing toast was replied to by the ghost of another servant of Liberty—Hon. George Washington, who unfortunately grievously impaired his reputation for veracity.

The next wave of the wand conjured up the imperious daughter of Harry Tudor, the many-wived. She proceeded right roundly to rate the scurvy shallowness of our modern manners, and swore by her halidom and the beard of her father that she longed to deal with certain wenches who, in search of a vote, forsooth! worked much ill to the welfare of our present monarch and his realm. The audience, on this account alone if on no other, were sorry to see good Queen Bess fade away leaving her threats unfulfilled till she disappeared in a fine mist behind the chair of a popular and active upholder of college life on the ladies' side.

To relieve the tension, which was now becoming acute, and to give the necromancer a chance of procuring some fresh herbs necessary for his next spell, we soothed our savage breasts with some music. After this agreeable interposition had ceased, the spirit of one of the most doughty sons of Devon arose and replied to the toast of "The Colonies," just proposed by his royal mistress. The swash-buckling Elizabethan sailor evoked much applause and laughter by the recital of his exploits gallant and galant.

King Alfred was our next visitor, and naturally cakes were the subject of his story, which in turn suggested ale, of which latter topic the revered monarch displayed a hitherto unsuspected minute knowledge. He disclaimed the tradition which cites him as the founder of Oxford University, but evoked great applause by his felicitous statement that, though he did not found Oxford, he was pleased to have in his kingdom of Wessex an institution to which Oxford was glad to send when it wanted a professor.

Who has a better right to reply for the ancient Borough of Southampton than King Cnut? The chief necromancer apparently had asked himself this question, for straightway the shade of that candid and unassuming monarch was called up, and acquitted himself with traditional humbleness.

The worthy Signor at this juncture felt the spirit connexion growing weak, and while Miss Bryant charmed the audience with a song, he added the liver of two frogs caught during an

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MATHEMATICAL INSTRUMENTS IN SETS.

OUT-DOOR and IN-DOOR GAMES IN GREAT VARIETY.

eclipse of the moon and the hairpin of a militant suffragette to his hell-broth, from the steam of which thereupon arose the genial figure of Guy Fawkes.

This much-maligned idealist, in proposing the appropriate toast of "Militancy," put his audience in exceeding good spirits, and explained that his aim in life had been the raising of the people, and even though gunpowder as a means of elevation may be considered drastic, he begged us to consider the purity of his motive and not the nature of his methods, concluding with the neat epigram that the violence of a revolution is only equalled by the violence which makes revolutions necessary.

While we were chuckling over this excellent speech and sipping our eaux minerals gazeux to the sweet pleasing of a madrigal, the shade of the Empress Theodora was on its way to thank modern mortals for the honour paid to the cause, of which she claimed to be the original founder.

A few more passes of the magic wand and the utterance of a fearful spell now summoned from the realms of Pluto bluff King Hal, who, as might easily be expected, got mixed up in his references to his spouses, and excused his blue-beardedness on the plea that he "didn't want to do it," and that, in fact, he had a warm corner for "the Ladies," whose health he was delighted to propose.

At this juncture the invocations of our necromancer became so shocking that Mr. Coles stepped in to drown the awful imprecations, and beguiled our ears with the concord of sweet sounds on his violin. Subsequently the Sorceress of the Nile appeared, having reluctantly left the society of her Antony, with whom she has apparently established a charming *ménage à deux* in some other world. In a speech, which in itself was sufficient to explain her ancient fascination, she thanked the royal Tudor for his gallant remarks, and roguishly twitted him with being a lady-killer.

The Male Quartette now explained to us the financial difficulties of Simon, and described an incident which we have often seen ourselves, though we have never taken part in. It was a shock to turn our attention from the tuneful four to the imperious voice of the notorious Nero, who next obeyed the voice of the wizard, and proposed "Our Guests" in such bloodthirsty tones that the chief guest of the evening hurriedly took his departure.

The equivocal hospitality of the fiddling emperor was made more ambiguous still by the speech of Lucretia Borgia, the

noted pharmacist of the Middle Ages. Her attempts to play hanky-panky tricks with the siphons and to sprinkle powders over the viands had been watched during the evening with alarm and indignation. There was much-relieved applause when a wave of the wand dissolved her dangerous presence.

A final part-song and the National Anthem concluded the first part of the entertainment. I say first part, for clearly there was more to come. I noted soft eyes had lately been looking anything but daggers to eyes which spake again, and then there was the drawing on of white gloves and a hasty clearing of the hall, and presently, to the strains of "La Rinka," the whole company, spirits and mortals, were capering nimbly on the light fantastic.

During a lull in these agreeable proceedings the Secretary explained that some of the edibles had survived and that the exchequer would receive an additional revenue by the auctioning thereof. He further stated that the celebrated knight of the hammer, Mr. Ikey Washingstein, had consented to knock down the lots to the rashest bidder, and to forego his commission on the transaction.

The sale was evidently a great success, and Jimmy's face wore that smile that won't come off as he passed over three oranges and a banana to some Barney Barnato and pocketed in return a modest half-crown.

But the hour at which the spooks might revisit us drew on, and, wishing to get home ere the Sabbath crept in, we finished the memorable evening with a last waltz and a heartfelt Goblio.

Yes, even the Scots half of me was ready to admit it was well worth the bawbees.



SAYINGS APROPOS

✦ ✦ ✦

"Fine words! I wonder where you stole them."

Swift—"Verses."

"Genius borrows nobly."

Emerson—"Letters and Social Aims."

"Quotation confesses inferiority."

Ibid.

MISS SEATON.

"Away with him, away with him, he speaks Latin."

"Henry VI."

MISS PAYNE.

"The Devil sends us cooks."

"Garri.k."

THE ELECTION.

"Dire was the noise of conflict."

"Paradise Lost." Bk. IV.

SCHOOL PRAC. ADVICE.

"O ye! who teach the ingenious mind of nations,
Holland, France, England, Germany or Spain,
I pray ye flog them upon all occasions,
It mends their morals—never mind the pain."

Byron—"Don Juan."

"Uneasy lie the heads of all that rule,
His worst of all whose kingdom is the school."

Holmes—"The Schoolboy."

ARTS STUDENTS.

"A mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease."

Pope—"Epistles of Horace."

L/C LEIGH.

"You may relish him more in the soldier than in the scholar."

"Othello."

THE WOMEN AT SOIREEES.

"Th' adorning thee with so much art
Is but a barbarous skill:
'Tis like the poisoning of a dart
Too apt before to kill."

Cowley—"The Waiting-maid."

THE M.C.R.

"The field of freedom, faction, fame and blood."

Byron—"Childe Harold."

MR. TULLY AT A GOBLI.

"Alas! for Tull(e)y's voice."

Byron—"Childe Harold."

MR. CLEARY.

"The friend of Tull(e)y——"

MR. GIBBS.

"Not in vain
Maybe, who will, his recollections wake
And quote in classic raptures, and awake
The hills with Latian echoes."

Byron—"Childe Harold."

MR. ALDRIDGE.

"Taste the Joy
That springs from labours."

Longfellow—"Masque of Pandora."

and

"He might be a very clever man by nature, for all I know, but he has laid so many books upon his head that his brains could not move."

Robert Hall—"Gregory's Life of Hall."

MR. BRATCHER.

"I am no orator
I only speak right on."

"Julius Caesar."

MR. CLEARY.

"Nothing is too late
Till the lived heart shall cease to palpitate."
Longfellow—"Morituri Salutanus."

MR. LANE.

"Hope against hope, and ask till ye receive."
Montgomery—"The World Before the Flood."

THE DESERTED PARTNER.

"Where sits our sulky, sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm."
Burns—"Tam o' Shanter."

BOXING NIGHT.

"Thar ain't no sense in gittin' riled."
Bret Harte—"Jim."

REJECTED ARTICLES WRITTEN FOR THE MAG.

"None but an author knows an author's cares,
Or Fancy's fondness for the child she bears."
Cooper—"The Progress of Error."

8.30 A.M.

"Oh, bed! oh, bed! delicious bed!
That heaven upon earth to the weary head."
T. Hood—"Miss Kilmansegg."

SWOT.

"Books cannot always please, however good;
Minds are not ever craving for their food."
Crabbe—"The Borough."

THE LADIES COMMENTING ON THE BOXING NIGHT.

"But what they fought each for,
I could not well make out."
Southey—"Battle of Blenheim."

"JOHN" ON THE TABLE.

"I am Sir Oracle,
And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!"

"Merchant of Venice."

"JABBER JIMMY" v. SCRIVENER BILL."

"So frowned the mighty combatants, that hell
Grew darker at their frown."

Milton—"Paradise Lost."

LECTURES.

"I wish he would explain his explanation."

Byron—"Don Juan."

LIT. & DEB. BANQUET.

"We have a trifling foolish banquet towards."

"Romeo and Juliet."

ADVICE TO NORMALS.

"A teacher should be sparing of his smile."

Cowper—"Charity."



A thing of custom; 'tis no other.

TO THE EDITOR, "H.U.C. MAGAZINE."

SIR,

Though you count her an allusion, never let your readers say
That a year you were in office and the whole year passed
away

With no poem in your pages (lyric light, or sonnet neat)
To "My Landlady's Fair Daughter" and her charm's
divinely sweet.

Let her eyes be green or ginger, misty-grey or dreamy-blue,
Let 'em deal in shy side-glances or squint—('tis nought to
you)

If a Fresher, strangely-gifted, see rare beauties in her face,
Accept his trash and print it (it will fill a vacant space).

Let him prattle of the glory of her lustrous golden hair,
Where the sunbeams glance and glitter (though she dyes it—
never care!)

Let his words in burning language paint the roses on her
cheek,

Though you guess she paints 'em also, let the love-lorn lodger
speak.

Let him publish in your pages all his mushy tommy-rot,
All his weak and puerile drivel on the charms the maid has
not.

Then thank him for his efforts (though you'd stake your last
half-crown

That the maiden shares the booty when her mother does him
down).

And though his sweet-tuned praises finds no echo in your
heart,

And the damsel of his day-dreams leaves you cold, despite
his art.

For the sake of ancient custom let the Mag. record the
slaughter

That is yearly wrought among us by "My Landlady's Fair
Daughter."

M. A.

SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

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If the success of the Society is to be estimated by the attendance at meetings, this year should rank as the most successful in the history of the Society. The number of members who have attended the meetings has far surpassed that of previous sessions.

Two papers were given last term after the Magazine had gone to press, and are therefore recorded in this term's issue.

On Nov 25th Miss Rimmington gave a paper on "The History of Mathematics" to a gathering of about sixty members. The paper dealt with mathematics from the very earliest times, starting with the savage, who would naturally obtain his first idea of numbers by counting his fingers. The Babylonians used a system of notation which would probably be considered somewhat cumbersome at the present day; nevertheless, it was possible to work simple calculations with this system, as we were shown by examples worked out on the board. Slides were shown of the characters used to represent numbers by the Egyptians, Greeks and Hindus, and the meaning of the symbols was carefully explained by the lecturer, so as to render their meaning clear to the modern mathematicians present at the meeting. The mathematics of Euclid and his contemporaries was explained, leading up to the mathematics of the Middle Ages. The progress of the science from this period to the present day was then briefly considered. It was shown how our modern system of notation could be traced back to that used by the Hindus. Several mathematical puzzles were explained and worked out on the board.

A short discussion on the paper served to bring out many interesting points.

On Dec. 9th Mr. Cleary gave a paper on "The Atmosphere." Mr. Fawcett took the chair, and there were about fifty members present. The paper dealt chiefly with the theory of sunsets and rainbows. The colours observed at sunset were reproduced on a screen by passing a beam of white light through a cell containing finely-divided particles of sulphur in suspension. The particles acted in the same manner as the dust particles in the atmosphere. Several other common phenomena were shown to be due to the presence of dust in the atmosphere. The theory of the formation of rainbows was thoroughly explained by means of slides and diagrams.

The discussion was very brief considering the popular nature of the subject.

The present term opened with a lecture by Dr. Stansfield on "X-Rays." This was listened to with great interest by over seventy members.

The lecturer first described the radiations emitted by radium, showing how it was first noticed that the rays possessed the power of affecting an ordinary photographic plate, even when protected by opaque packing.

It was shown how Lane, in 1912, had proved conclusively that X-Rays are essentially of the nature of light by obtaining reflected rays from the surface of crystals. The reason that reflection had not been obtained previously was that the wave-length of the light was so exceedingly short that the surfaces used had not been smooth enough to reflect the light.

By reflection of X-Rays from crystals a very clear insight has been obtained into the arrangement of the atoms constituting the crystal. A slide was shown on the screen which was a reproduction of the effect on

a photographic plate of a beam of X-Rays transmitted by a very thin section of a crystal. Each atom, or plane, produces a separate diffraction effect, and from this a model had been constructed representing a crystal of sodium chloride, having the atoms arranged in the form of a cube.

The Cloud-Chamber experiments of C. T. R. Wilson were described and explained. Photographs of the results were shown on the screen, proving the atoms to be built up of electrons revolving round a central positive charge, the atom being thus comparable to the solar system, the sun representing the central positive charge and the planets taking the place of the negative electrons.

It was unfortunate that lack of time prevented a discussion on some of the very interesting points brought to light by the lecture.

On Feb. 17th Mr. Durdle read a paper on "British Scenery and its Geology" before a meeting of about fifty members.

In a brief introduction the lecturer dealt with the formation of different kinds of rock, showing how continents and oceans had replaced one another during the millions of years since the earth cooled down into the solid state. All this time rivers had been washing the land down into the sea and depositing it on the floor of the oceans, the heavier particles being dropped first and the lighter ones carried further out to sea. The bottom layers are compressed by those above till the deposit is hundreds, or perhaps thousands, of feet thick. On the other hand, there are forces at work inside the earth tending to lift up parts of the crust; the most familiar example is that of volcanoes, but Nature's forces are usually extremely slow, so that in course of time the deposits on the ocean floor may be raised above the sea-level and appear as continents or islands.

The lowest rocks are known as the Archaean or Azoic, *i.e.*, "without life." The theories accounting for their deposition are numerous. From a geological map of the British Isles it is seen that the Archaean rocks form practically the whole of the Highlands of Scotland, parts of North and West Ireland, and a few patches in England. The rocks are mixed with enormous masses of granite and other volcanic rocks, which were poured out on the earth in that age, and the unequal weathering of the hard and soft rocks is the cause of the wild scenery of the Highlands and other similar parts. The Archaean rocks contain 95% of the mineral wealth and precious stones of the world.

The next age is the Cambrian. At this time our part of the globe was deep beneath the sea, and a continent existed in the place of the Atlantic Ocean. The Cambrian rocks form chiefly low land, except in Wales, where the strata have been contorted and broken up, and here the rocks are quarried as slate.

The Ordovician age, with its submarine volcanoes, is responsible for the scenery of the Lake District and a large part of Wales.

The Silurian age had not much effect, but in the Devonian age Britain first appears as dry land, though man had not yet appeared on the earth. The Old Red Sandstone formed during this age forms fairly flat high land, giving grand scenery where it meets the sea, as in the Orkneys and North-East Scotland.

By the next age, the Carboniferous Period, Britain was again submerged except for North Scotland. During the first part of this age the Carboniferous Limestone was deposited, forming the moors of Yorkshire, Lancashire, the Pennine Chain, the Mendips, and almost the whole of Ireland. These hills are full of caverns formed by the dissolving action of water. In the latter part of the age the land again appeared, this time covered with luxuriant vegetation. The trees buried in this period

form the source of the world's supply of coal. But, the climate changed again, and desert conditions prevailed during the next two ages. Then appeared the gigantic animals of which we have heard, and flying reptiles, but man was not yet.

In the Cretaceous age the chalk deposits were formed from the broken shells of minute sea-animals.

The Tertiary age is regarded geologically as quite modern times and accounts for most of our scenery of the present day, and during this age we have the first traces of man in England.

After the Ice age came the sinking of the North Atlantic Ocean, followed by the gradual sinking of the North Sea and the English Channel, leaving the British Isles as we have them to-day.

A great feature of the lecture was the number of exceedingly beautiful slides used to illustrate the scenery of different parts of our Islands.

The lecture was much appreciated by those present. A few remarks from the Chairman (Mr. Fawcett) on the paper terminated the meeting.

ENGINEERING SOCIETY.

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On January 24th, the members had the pleasure of attending a lecture by Dr. Stansfield, who chose for his subject "The Uses of high frequency alternating Currents and Radio-telegraphy." On this occasion, Mr. J. S. Brown, Superintendent of the H.T.O., Southampton, was in the chair. The lecture was most instructive, and was illustrated by a number of very interesting experiments.

The second of the Engineering Society's meetings was held on February 21st, when Prof. Eustice lectured on "Thermal treatment of Metals." Mr. J. F. Douglas took the chair. The subject is one to which the Professor has devoted special attention, and his effective treatment of it was highly appreciated. The slides which he exhibited (in number about 50) were excellent.

Mr. S. W. Barnaby proposed a vote of thanks to Professor Eustice, and Mr. F. E. Wentworth-Sheilds seconded.

A general discussion followed, in which both members and visitors participated.

A sequel to this paper, by Mr. J. F. Douglas, was presented on Saturday, February 28th, when Professor Eustice took the chair. The subject was "Foundry Practice. The metal Iron with its tests."

This was more of a practical nature than that of Professor Eustice, and met with much approval.

The last paper of the session was given on Saturday, March 14th, when Mr. J. S. Brown spoke on "The Automatic Telephone." The chairman on this occasion was Dr. Stansfield.

Perhaps the most interesting event of the past session has been the Annual General Meeting and Conversazione. The new Honorary President—Mr. Dawson Kitchingman, Manager of the South Hants Water Works,—read his Presidential paper. This was illustrated by about a

score of fine views of the works at Cray in South Wales, where he was the resident Engineer for six years. The paper was of the utmost interest to all Engineers, and we are glad to state that Mr. Kitchingman is having his paper printed and circulated amongst the members of the Society.

In the middle of the proceedings refreshments were served, during which a splendid musical programme was carried out. The Committee extends its warmest thanks to the ladies and gentlemen, who so generously gave their services, and who helped to make the evening a great success. It is difficult to thank any one person in particular, but a word of praise is due to Messrs. D. R. McWhinnie and H. J. Brewer, who got out the programme, and obtained the services of the artistes.

Various experiments were performed in the Physics laboratory at the conclusion of the meeting, and the Committee also desires to thank, through this medium (the Coll. Mag.), those gentlemen who, not being Engineers, were so willing to perform the various experiments, which greatly added to the enjoyment of the evening.

There were 220 guests present.

R. MEAD.

CHRISTIAN UNION. X

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WOMEN'S BRANCH.

We have been unable to have any united meetings this term, but we have had three combined meetings.

On January 18th the Rev. Neville Lovett addressed us, and on February 8th we had an address on the new Aim and Basis which we had previously decided to adopt. After the address there were two papers given on "Swanwick," one by a woman student on "General Impressions," and one by a man student on "The Social and Missionary Aspect of Swanwick."

February 22nd was the Universal Day of Prayer for the movement. We had combined meetings in the afternoon and evening of this day. There were a fairly good number at the afternoon meeting, though there were few at the evening meeting.

For the week-end January 31st—February 2nd four women students went with students from the Portsmouth Municipal and Day Training Colleges to a retreat at Haslemere, where they received much help. The place itself is an ideal place for a retreat.

As last year, the women students collected, during finance week, February 7th—14th, and sent £2 13s. 8d. to Headquarters.

MEN'S BRANCH.

THE meetings this term have been fairly well attended, and some very interesting addresses listened to. Among our speakers have been, Rev. H. T. Spencer, M.A., M.Sc.; Mr. W. C. Thomas, B.A., a travelling secre-

tary for the Student Christian Movement; Rev. Neville Lovett, M.A.; Mr. C. Hedger; Prof. Eustice; Rev. H. Pearce; and Mr. W. Dale.

On February 22nd, in common with all Colleges affiliated to the S.C.M. we observed the Day of Universal Prayer for Students. Many references were made to it in the Churches of the town, and at Highfield Church a special sermon was preached.

LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.



THE first business of the new term was the election of a member for the Hartley Constituency. This was done at the meeting held on January 30th.

There were three candidates in the field. All had worked hard, canvassing and speaking in the interval both in the M.C.R. and the W.C.R. during the week.

Mr. Sparks (Socialist), in appealing for support, ventured to attack various erroneous conceptions of Socialism. He defined Socialism as a state in which a country would simply be a gigantic National Joint Stock Company. He briefly outlined what this would mean: higher education, the abolition of poverty, the grant-

ing of equality of opportunity to every individual, irrespective of class.

Mr. Price (Liberal) claimed to stand between the other two candidates in regard to policy. He briefly outlined all the benefits the country was enjoying from Liberal administration. He appealed for the support of the constituency on the grounds that the Liberals had such weighty and far-reaching measures under consideration which ought to be placed on the Statute Book without delay—Plural Voting Bill, Land Reform, and the Education Bill.

In conclusion, he said that at the present time the Liberal Party was the only party that could deal practically and effectively with present-day evils.

Mr. Cleary (Conservative) declared himself vehemently opposed to the programmes of both the other candidates. He only agreed with them on the question of the granting of the Franchise to Women. He attacked and satirised the Old Age Pensions Act, the Insurance Act, and the Labour Exchange. He put forward Tariff Reform as the only satisfactory solution of the social inequalities of the day.

In the debate that followed heckling was fast and furious, and excitement ran high.

The electors then voted by ballot:—

Mr. Cleary..	16
Mr. Price	42
Mr. Sparks	21
Liberal majority over Conservative				21

Mr. Price was therefore declared elected.

The House met on February 13th, when the following motion was before the House:—

"That this House is of the opinion that bachelors should be taxed."

Mr. Bruce, in moving the motion, said that taxation should be based on the ability to bear taxation. Married men contribute *indirectly* to a country's wealth, and therefore it was only just that bachelors should contribute *directly*.

Mr. Rothery opposed the motion as unjust, since a man was not always a bachelor from choice. He also held that the spirit of coercion would tend to unhappy marriages.

Mr. Kent, supporting the Government, said that a man should be taxed in proportion to what he had done for the State and what he has got from the country. A bachelor has gained much and given nothing, hence he ought to be taxed; and so lighten the burden of married men.

Mr. Simmonds, seconding the Opposition, divided bachelors into three classes:—

- (a) Bachelors who will not marry.
- (b) Bachelors who cannot marry.
- (c) Bachelors who get no opportunity to marry.

A taxation of the last two classes would be quite unfair.

Division:—

For the Motion	13
Against	30
				—
Majority against	17
				—

The House met on February 27th to discuss the following motion:—

"That this House desires Home Rule for Ireland."

Mr. Potter moved the resolution, on behalf of the Government. He sketched the various vicissitudes of the Irish people as a nation. He argued that since the majority of the Irish people desired Home Rule, we had no right to deny them the privilege. He scouted the idea of a break in the Empire, since all our colonies have self-government to a certain extent.

Mr. Palmer opposed the motion. He began by showing how it would be economically disastrous both for Ireland and for the Imperial Parliament.

He then attempted to show how Home Rule would place Ireland completely in the hands of the United Irish League, and he commented on what that would mean.

Mr. Snellgrove, in supporting the motion, showed in greater detail the right of Ireland's demand. He showed how England had exploited her for years, and how it was her duty to make amends by granting her just request—"self-government in things Irish."

Mr. Ludford opposed the motion, and showed how Mr. Redmond's aim was to rid Ireland completely of Englishmen and English control.

Division:—

For the Motion	36
Against the Motion	9
				—
Majority for	27
				—

On Monday, March 2nd, we visited the Avenue Debating Society, and discussed the motion "That Fanatics have done more for progress than Broad-minded men."

We occupied the Government benches.

Mr. James, acting as Leader of the House, moved the motion.

Mr. Price, in seconding, completely smashed the arguments of the Leader of the Opposition.

Mr. Dudley, Mr. Marshall, and Prof. Lyttel made very strong points for the Government.

College completely defeated the Opposition. On demanding a division, there voted:—

For the Motion	00
Against the Motion	00
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Majority for the Motion	00
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The concluding gathering of the Society took place on Saturday, March 14th, which took the form of a "Historical Banquet."

Prof. Lyttel as Chief Necromancer, recalled the spirits of many important historical personages who commented on the change of things since their last visit to this sphere.

The speeches of all the characters caused much amusement. The banquet this time was improved in no small measure by the co-operation of the Choral Society. We cannot let this opportunity pass without expressing our deep appreciation of all that Miss Auhrey and Mr. Leake did to make the programme such a success.

As this is the last of the Debating Society Notes for the session, we feel bound to thank Prof. Lyttel for his deep interest in the Society and the help he has given to make this last session a success.

I. R. J.

BOXING NIGHT.

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On Saturday evening, February 28th, the College Boxing Soc. held its first meeting of this year in the Men's Common Room. The floor was tastefully decorated with forms, chairs, and anything else upon which a spectator could sit. The centre of the floor was ornamented with an 18-ft. ring, well roped off, so that the spectators should be protected from any stray punches from over-enthusiastic combatants.

Mr. F. Phillips kindly gave his services as referee, and his decisions gave full satisfaction to both boxers and spectators. Mr. D. Moriarty made an excellent Master of Ceremonies, and his little speeches, introducing the various couples, were amusing and instructive. At the same time, I don't think he can be a reader of "Truth!"

The contests opened with a nonsensical bout of three rounds between Kid Lewis, the "Welsh Walloper," and "Little Hitch," the Liverpool Lifter. The "Lifter" was down for nine seconds in the first round, and the Welshman was floored by an upper-cut on the knee in the second round,

but staggered to his feet on the count of nine. Both men were weary in the last round, and a double punch laid out both, and they were counted out. The bout ended in a draw.

The first of the serious bouts was fought between the "Married Marvel" and the "Totton Terror." Both men fought well, and this bout also ended in a draw. An extra round was ordered, but points were still equal at the end.

"Jaw Breaker Jimmy" fought two rounds with "Scrivener Bill," the former winning on points. He made good use of the ropes, and his finest blows included four dabs, two pats and a push.

The "Derby Demon" annihilated "Mick of Eastleigh," putting in some terrific punches. There can be no doubt that if the "Demon" had been doctored with a bicycle pump, the Eastleigh man would have had a very hot time indeed.

The biggest fight of the evening was put up between "The Great Unknown" and the "Highcliffe Hurricane." Ordinary hurricanes were nowhere in it, but this particular Highcliffe brand was. The three rounds were fast and furious, both men seeking to hit, rather than to guard. In the second round, the "Unknown" tried to hide his identity still more by disguising his features with gore. After a plucky fight the "Hurricane" was declared the victor.

Bratcher and Snellgrove, "The Taunton Tots," fought three rounds, hit or miss, and owing to Snellgrove's hits being the most, he won.

A very pretty bout was fought between the "Portwood Nightingale" and "The Hope of Highfield Hall." Plenty of science was shown, and some good hits were given and received by both men. The bout ended in a draw, which will be decided later. As a definite decision must be arrived at, the Red Cross Society has kindly consented to supply plaster and an ambulance.

The tit-bit of the evening was a one round encounter, occupying considerable time, between the "Mathematical Murderer" and "The Hope of Ulster." Both men fought desperately, and once all seemed over, for the "Hope of Ulster," with a beautiful right hook, disarranged the "Mathematical Murderer's" necktie. The "Murderer" took a deep breath, then smote the "Hope" an awful blow upon a stray lock of hair—then both men stopped to take breath.

Half-time score:—"Ulster"—3 points. "Murderer"—2 points.

Upon the re-start, the "Hope of Ulster" hit the "Mathematical Murderer" over the ropes when he wasn't looking, and then rushed him all round the ring. The round stopped when both combatants were exhausted, the final score being:—"Hope of Ulster"—5½ points. "Mathematical Murderer"—2½ points.

It is hoped that another contest may be arranged for next term, and that there will be more entries. It is also hoped that a greater number of students will make an effort to attend the meeting. Boxing is a fine sport, and is perhaps more enjoyable to the spectators than to the combatants, so let there be a good crowd at the next meeting.

We all, I am sure, greatly appreciate the interest taken in the contests by the members of the Staff who were present, and especially that taken by Mr. Phillips, who gave up the whole evening to refereeing the fights, which he did in a very able and efficient manner.

FATHER TIME .

SOCCKER NOTES.



This term has been up to the present a very enjoyable and very successful one. We have only lost two matches, and are still in the running for the League and the Traver's Cup. We are level in points with the leaders of the League, but have played a match more. We have great hopes of beating them and when these notes

appear, the result will be known. Altogether we have had a most successful season, and for this, thanks are due to the team, who have done wonderfully well, to the Committee, to the president, whose enthusiasm is universal, and to those supporters who have consistently watched the team's doings. The women students have been as interested and enthusiastic as the men.

January 17th, Saturday. v. Olympians. (Won 1—0).

This, our first game of the present term, was very pleasant and enjoyable. The score of 1—0 does not by any means represent our superiority, for we were much superior to our opponents, although they had our old friend, Kiddle, assisting them. Graham scored in the second half.

January 21st, Wednesday. (Away). v. Lyndhurst.

1st Round Traver's Cup.

We were looking forward to winning this match by the barest margin, for Lyndhurst are a strong team on their own ground. Early on we missed a penalty, but before the interval, Glover scored from a pass by Cooke. Ten minutes from the close, one of our players miskicked, and the opposing left-inside had nothing to do, but to put it through. Since the final score was 1—1, it was agreed to play quarter of an hour extra each way. No scoring, however, resulted, and the score still stood at 1—1. The game was very evenly contested, though had we scored from the penalty, we should probably have won. In this match we had the assistance of C. Clark, who played a strong game at centre-half.

January 24th, Saturday. (Home). v. St. Denys.

Our opponents, who arrived with several men short, were outclassed in every department, and that we only won 6—1 was due to the ineptitude of our forwards. Scorers:—Glover—3; Cooke, Williams, Broughton.

January 28th, Wednesday. (Away). v. Park Avenue.

On the Common before a large crowd. Park Avenue scored an offside goal in the first minute, but Glover soon equalised with a long shot. In the second half we missed a penalty, which lost us the match, for the Park Avenue got another goal from a corner, and won by 2—1. The ground

was against us, but our opponents were a fast and clever team, and the game, though we lost, proved one of the most enjoyable and keenest we have had. Williams and Moody were the outstanding men, while Glover and Quinton were brilliant at times.

February 4th, Wednesday. (Home). v. Lyndhurst.

Replayed Cup/Tie.

We were resolved not to throw anything away, and were all out to win. Graham scored from a short pass by Glover; the score was 1-0 at the interval. Exchanges were even after the interval and we slacked a little, but 20 minutes from time Lyndhurst equalised. Now we attacked with vigour, and were awarded a penalty for a foul on Graham. *Mirabile dicta!* We scored from it, and hugged Broughton in our delight. Near the end their goalkeeper knocked out a shot from Naylor, to Cooke, who put on the third goal.

February 14th, Saturday. (Away). v. Winchester.

We had looked forward for a long time to this match with our old rivals, for we always have a fine game, and a great welcome. The day was wet, and the ground sodden, especially in the second half, when it began to rain heavily. With the wind in our favour, we monopolised the play, and several times had lines in not scoring. From a partial clearance Cooke scored for us amid great glee. At the other end Quinton was kept busy for a time, and turned a hot shot over the bar. Next he flung himself at a centre from the left to see the ball pass outside. A narrow shave! In the second half we scored two more goals, by Naylor and Graham, who, receiving a pass from Naylor on the half-way line, beat the opposition for speed, and scored with a fine oblique shot. Hereabouts Winchester scored a well-deserved goal, and when the whistle went we retired victors by 3-1. The match was marked by a rejuvenation in the forward line, who banged the ball about, nonplussing the Winton defence. All played well, and we fully avenged last term's defeat. We would like to thank Winton for their hearty reception of us, and their sportsmanship. We thoroughly enjoyed the tea, smoker, and concert, and for this—much thanks. Many thanks also to our loyal supporters, especially those of the fair sex, whose consistency and enthusiasm this season have been remarkable.

February 21st, Saturday. (Away). v. Borough Road.

We started on our long trip about 11.30 a.m., and after a series of railway and tube journeys, kicked off about 3.20 p.m. The ground was in a dreadful condition, owing to the heavy rains. Broughton scored for us in the first few minutes, but our opponents quickly replied with three. Glover reduced their lead with a fine shot, and half-time arrived 3-2. At the outset of the second half the Road added another, while Glover put on another for us. With a long shot, Naylor made the scores level, and immediately after, Graham ran through and made the scores 5-4 in our favour. Our success was but short-lived, for the B's. put on four more, and ran out winners by 8-5. The game was enjoyable even considering the state of the ground, which accounts for the tall scoring. After the match we were shewn round, and then taken to a sumptuous repast in the dining-hall, where we were also regaled with songs. A look into the Common Room was taken, and then we regretfully departed. Our best thanks are due to Borough Road for their hospitality, and we hope to give them the same next year.

February 25th, Wednesday. (Home). v. R.A.M.C.

Our opponents were not as strong as formerly, and we were easily winners by 4-1, despite the fact that we had two reserves, who, however, played very well. Naylor, playing inside-left, scored two, Glover one, and Broughton from a penalty. Their goal was the outcome of a penalty kick.

Since Christmas the 2nd Eleven have shewn much improved form, and, although they have not placed many victories to their credit, they have played some very creditable draws with teams of no mean ability. Injuries to players, and other unfortunate circumstances, have prevented the team from putting into the field a very strong side, while a few of the hitherto 2nd XI. have been promoted, and are now regular playing members of the 1st XI. What, therefore, has been the First's gain, has necessarily been the Second's loss, and the Second's Committee are to be commended on their readiness in filling the vacant positions. Bratcher and Cleary have formed a very strong right wing, while Moriarty and Nobes have been very consistent at half-back. Broad has proved himself a resolute defender, while Mead in goal has shewn form which justifies him as a very capable deputy to Quinton.

C. B. B.

Football Results.

November 26th, Lyndhurst	0	H.U.C.	2
November 29th, H.U.C.	1	Winchester	6
December 3rd, H.U.C.	0	Co-operators	3
December 10th, Brockenhurst ..	1	H.U.C.	3
January 17th, H.U.C.	2	Olympians	0
(Traver's Cup)—			
January 21st, Lyndhurst	1	H.U.C.	1
January 24th, H.U.C.	6	St. Denys	1
January 28th, Park Avenue	2	H.U.C.	1
January 31st, H.U.C.	2	Y.M.C.A.	0
(Replay Traver's Cup)—			
February 4th, H.U.C.	3	Lyndhurst	1
February 14th, Winchester College..	1	H.U.C.	3
February 18th, Tramway's	—		
February 21st, Borough Road College	8	H.U.C.	5
February 25th, H.U.C.	4	R.A.M.C.	1

Results for Season 1913-14.

	Played. 31	Won. 21	Lost. 8	Drawn. 2	For. 91	Goals.	
						Ag't.	47
Since Christmas—							
H.U.C. Wednesday Matches				Pl. W. L. D.	For.	Ag't.	Points.
				4 2 1 1	9	5	6
H.U.C. Saturday Matches				5 4 1 0	18	9	8
Total ..				9 6 2 1	27	14	14

C. B. B.

Stud-Marks.

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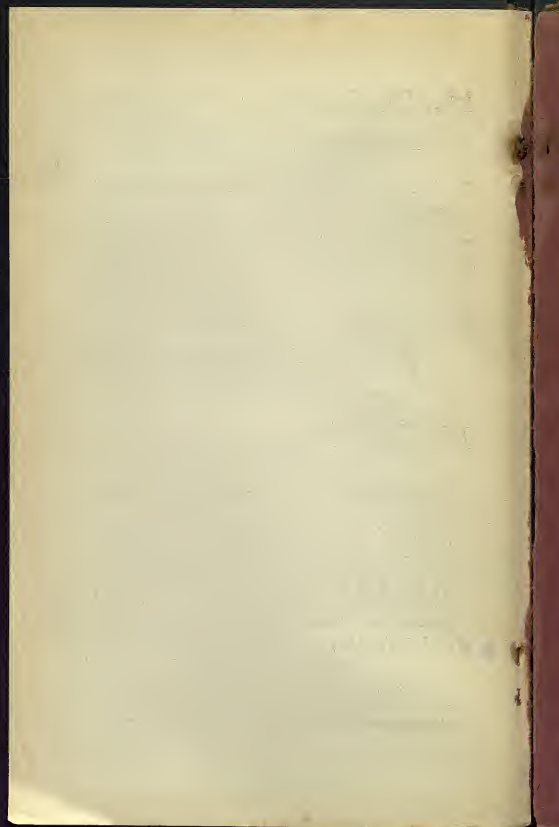
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